The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
1.	Poem. Things that Cannot Fail. Poem. Washington Gladden	177
2.	Three Excuses. A Sermon. By Lawrence Jacks, M.A.	177
3.	Notes by the Way	180
4.	Two Opposing Tendencies. No. IV. Rev. Edgar I. Fripp, B.A.	181
5.	The Seat of Authority. By J. C. Conway	185
6.	The Spirit that Denies	187
7.	Congregational Singing. I.	188
8.	The Mystery of Pain. Poem. E. Nesbit...	191
9.	Eleven Witty Sayings	191
10.	The Children's Page	192

Things that Cannot Fail.

When the anchors that faith has cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite;
And justice shines on high.

I know that passion needs
The leash of sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;

That the rulers must obey;
That the givers shall increase;
That duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace:

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

Three Excuses.

A SERMON,

BY LAWRENCE JACKS, M.A.

JOHN xv. 8.—"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

When we are urged by other men to lead fruitful lives, or when the voice of conscience reproves us for letting our lives go to waste, there are three excuses behind one or other of which we are accustomed to take shelter. One is, that we have not the requisite ability. Another is, that our health will not allow it. A third is, that we have no opportunity. Let us give a few minutes' thought to each of them in turn.

First, we have not the requisite ability. In the great majority of cases this is simply untrue. "What!" you will say, "are there many men and women who have the ability which is required for a great artist, or a powerful statesman, or a leader of thought, or a distinguished writer?" Undoubtedly there are. Why so many persons live and die without leaving any mark for good on their generation is not to be explained by their want of natural endowment. Of course there are differences of inherited

capacity; these count for something, but more frequently than not the difference between two persons in this respect consists in the fact that the first is fitted for one kind of utility, and the second for another, not in the fact that one of them is fitted for nothing at all. I have often, for my own instruction, made a mental list of persons who have left the mark of excellence in different walks of life, and in every case have come to a conclusion which is really inevitable—that these persons owe their success far more to power of will than to power of thought, far more to their sense of duty than to their intellectual brilliance. The conviction grows with experience that natural inequalities among men are less than is supposed, but that acquired inequalities are greater. Men rise into eminence and usefulness by their patience and their vigour; they fall into ineffectiveness and waste by their sloth, their cowardice, and their selfishness. A comparison of our own lives with the lives of the great often serves to remind us, not that we are very stupid, but that we are exceedingly idle. Our possibilities may be as great as theirs, but they have taken the trouble to realise them and we haven't; they have practised, and stuck to their tasks, and worked the reluctant joints of life, just as the musician does, until at last what would otherwise have been a set of stiff and awkward fingers have gained a power of moving with the swiftness and intelligence of thought. It is difficult to lead a useful life; but it is also difficult to draw a straight line. There are millions who might learn to do both but who, as a matter of fact, never succeed in doing either. Experts tell us that every person with a moderate degree of pains might be taught to sing. It is certainly not less true that every one of us might learn to play a sufficiently useful and beautiful part in life to entitle him to his Master's "Well-done, good and faithful servant!" From the point of view of the higher interests of humanity the waste of life is perfectly appalling.

This excuse, then, in many of its commonest forms, is not true. But suppose it were true. Granted that such and such a person has no remarkable gift. Is it allowable for him to lead a selfish life? Because he happens to be not quite so bright as the rest, is it a matter of no consequence how low he pitches his aim? It is to be feared that many persons do, in practice, give these questions a most mischievous answer. They think that a common-place spirit goes naturally and excusably with a slow intelligence. Nothing of the kind! To whatever class a man belongs his mission is to join with those who are engaged in lifting up the tone or the standard of that particular category. If he is brilliant and able, let him do this among the clever. If he is neither brilliant nor able, let him do it among the slow. Can he not show the world how much may be done by such as himself, in lightening the burdens of mankind? Can he not be a peace-maker, a healer of wounds, an uplifter of sad hearts, a cheerer of the clouded face of man? High and sacred is the vocation of such an one. How true is the story of the widow's mite in this, as in so many other situations of human life! Have we not known many a one, acting under the limits set him by a less brilliant mental constitution, who, by the uprightness of his aim, and the simplicity of his address, and the kindliness of his speech, has thrown into the treasury of human service as much as a dozen rich minds have contributed of their abundance?

But let us pass to the second excuse: That the state of our health will not allow us to lead fruitful lives. Perhaps the first mention of this subject will bring pathetic thoughts and memories to the minds of some. You will recall those instances of bodily suffering which have taught you your deepest lessons of trust and hope, and in which you have seen the victory that overcometh the world illustrated in its most impressive form. We will not discuss them now. In those lives there is no unfruitfulness to excuse. Thank God they are fruitful enough. But there are other situations in life almost endless in their number and variety when the plea of poor health does play the part of a shelter from obligation. God forbid that I should assume the rôle of a judge in this matter. Here we are walking on ground where it is not easy nor possible to draw a strict line between the right and the wrong. But leaving that debatable frontier, there are certain regions where, it may be said without hesitation, this excuse is not to be countenanced. It needs no words of mine to inform you that for many of us moderns the body is an enemy, not only in the sense that it is the seat of passions which, as

St. Paul said, war against the mind, but still more because, through weakness and ill-health, it may become a clog and hindrance to every kind of worthy enterprise. That such an enemy exists few persons will question. That he is a formidable enemy, and one versed in an endless variety of modes of attack, that he goes about like a roaring lion making havoc of our plans for doing good in the world, will also be admitted. But the question remains, and it is really one of the most important problems of life, what is the right attitude in which that enemy ought to be confronted by us? And we may answer at once by saying it ought not to be an attitude of fear. If once we fall into timorous ways of dealing with the body, the adversary will very soon become a master, and we may give up all hope of doing noble work in life. Prudence is one thing, fear is another, and the last is at least as common as the first. To many a man who is not ill, nor in any serious danger of becoming so, the body is an ever wakeful menace to his happiness, an ever-present clog upon his utility in the world. No sooner does the smallest ailment make itself felt than he summons his physician and flees to his couch, encompassed with all the terrors of death. To a touch of cold, or a fit of tired nerves, or the effects of a sleepless night, he gives way at once. How these fears defeat their own immediate object—and they do defeat it—is not my business to expound. This is all I will say, that we have to school ourselves to be superior to them, before we can live—and it is a lesson that many of us sadly need to learn. We may, if we are not careful, fall into a state of servitude to the body, and that is a servitude neither necessary to the protection of health, nor worthy of a man's better self. If we spent on the acquisition of simple and temperate habits one tithe of the thought and effort which are too often spent upon the anxious use of artificial means for the preservation of health, an enormous economy of energy would be effected, and many a wasted life would become a useful one. If anyone, then, has made up his mind to do his share of God's work, let him not be surprised if the body turns out a hostile power in the prosecution of that design; but let him face its hostility with contempt in some cases, with indifference in others, with courage in all, and he will find that courage is a far more salutary policy than fear, and far more nearly allied to wisdom and success.*

But the third excuse is the commonest, that which says "I have no opportunity. I have suffered for want of proper education in my youth. I have had no advantages." Or, "My business is one which prevents me from doing justice to myself. The struggle to make both ends meet is so arduous that I have no leisure for anything else." Or, again, "I have had so much trouble in my life that I am, perforce, barren of all good works." Once more it is impossible to say at what point exactly these pleas become valid. It is certain that many of them are entitled to our fullest sympathy. On the other hand we meet with frequent cases in life where they are brought forward with a certain show of justification, but where they can be accepted only by those who have a very low standard of the amount of effort a man may be expected to make. After all, the best opportunities are such as we create for ourselves in the face of drawbacks and adverse conditions. It is human nature not to value our opportunities unless we have contributed something to their creation. Let them come of their own accord, let them be given by the kindness of fortune, or the generosity of our fellowmen, and in nine cases out of ten they are thrown away. Look round on the men you have known who have made a failure of life. In how many of those instances the cause has been excess of opportunities, too many advantages, too congenial an environment? Look round on those who have done well. How many of them have succeeded in face of conditions that seemed hopeless. It is the having to make our opportunities for ourselves which develops in us the strength by which we are able to take advantage of them when they are ready The late J. A. Symonds, the author of "The History of the Renaissance of Italy," and many other valuable works, became, early in life, the victim of a wearing disease. He was debarred from the common interests and enjoyments of a young man's life, and felt the privation in all its bitter-

* Let not the reader think that this part of the sermon is in praise of folly. The thing here recommended is not recklessness, but courage; the thing decried is not intelligent care, but unintelligent cowardice. These ideas are commonly confused, both in theory and in action. To discriminate them rightly is one of the marks of the perfect man.

ness. "But I gave myself up to studying how I might turn my drawbacks into advantages." Debarred from spending his talents in one way, he had all the greater freedom to spend them in another, and when he died at an early age he had completed work which would have done credit to a long life. And we may certainly take it as a bad sign when a strong man lets his mental energies run to waste in imagining what he would have done and been if such and such circumstances had been different, instead of devising means whereby the actual conditions, unpromising as they are, may be turned to account. It means that the man has *lost grip*, and we may be excused a very strong suspicion that such a one, if he got all the advantages he sighs for, would be utterly unable to make profit out of them.

But of all the things which rob men of opportunity, trouble is the most difficult to deal with. Troubled lives seem to form a class by themselves, a very large class, and one to which all of us may be said to belong at one time or another. It seems almost a cruelty to expect that such persons, whose life is one various sorrow, should become contributors to the service of God or man. "They have enough—leave them alone" is all that one feels disposed to say. And yet I suppose it was just one of these troubled souls who once said to the Master—"Suffer me first to go and bury my father." "Let the dead bury their dead," was the answer. It reminds us that even in the most troubled lives there is a possible worst and there is a possible best way of meeting the onset of adversity. The possible worst is to linger among the tombs, and make idols of ones sorrows. The possible best is to show the world that a troubled life may yet be serene and self-forgetful. That may seem a poor consolation to those who nurture great personal ambitions, but it carries the peace of God, lacking which the best things in the world are not worth a tithe what we suppose, but having which neither life nor death comes much amiss.

The most important part of every man's education is that which he gives to himself.

If we do not want our faults noticed we must not speak of the faults of others.

Notes by the Way.

We confidently appeal to our readers to assist us in making the *Seed Sower* more widely known. The editors have every reason to be gratified with the success which has attended their effort to provide a high-class and readable magazine for our churches. Our regular circulation is larger than that of any organ ever published in connection with our free churches. But there is no reason why it should not be largely increased. In more than a dozen churches the *Seed Sower* is localised, with admirable results. We supply in such cases blank covers, on which is printed the name and calendar of the church, often with a picture of the building, and suitable matter for local needs. One eminent minister writes:—"I wish to thank the editors for the very valuable work which they are doing for our churches. The last year's numbers have been of more than usual interest and importance." An Oxford friend writes:—"The best and brightest of our journals." A London layman tells us:—"We are delighted with the *Seed Sower*, which we have localised at our church." A Midland minister says:—"The free circulation of the *Seed Sower*, as a congregational and missionary magazine, is one of the best things we have ever done. It is eagerly looked for month by month."

We ask our friends to make the *Seed Sower* known. We ought to have a monthly circulation of 10,000.

Mr. Fripp's articles have excited a great deal of interest and curiosity. They raise the question whether dogmatic Unitarianism has any right to the old, free, Presbyterian chapels. Dogmatic Unitarianism may be a good thing, and it certainly has its mission; but it is another question whether, as holding our churches in its grip, it is not a limiting instead of an enlarging influence. We are glad to find room for our friend Mr. Cogan Conway who has a right to be heard on the other side.

Are the members of our churches as generous in their support of the faith they hold dear as the members of orthodox churches? This is a

question often raised and never satisfactorily answered. A friend of wide experience in both our own and orthodox churches gives it as his opinion that, while a few wealthy men among us give quite up to the scale of giving of such men in other churches, the gifts of our rank and file fall considerably below the gifts of the same class in Congregational, Baptist, and Presbyterian societies. The old-fashioned Presbyterian and Independent made it a rule to give ten per cent. of his income "to the Lord." That rule has broken down in modern practice, and the standard now appears to be about five per cent. That is certainly not the standard in most of our churches.

This matter of giving is one of very great importance. Men need to be educated in giving as they need education in every other virtue. Many men know how to get who have never learned the A B C of how to give. Faith and devotion and fervour cannot be measured by pecuniary standards, and yet the gifts of a church are a not inadequate measure of its spiritual life. But how few men spend on their religion, or their church, or their philanthrophy, one-half of what they spend on their pleasures?

A well-known minister once called on a wealthy member of one of our old Presbyterian chapels for a guinea to help on some church institution. "Oh!" said he, "I really cannot afford it. My household expenses are too heavy. Why, do you know, that my wine bill alone comes to more than £200 a year?" Think of a man refusing a guinea for his church when his wine bill runs up to that figure!

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GOD & THE SOUL

An Essay towards Fundamental Religion,

BY

RICHARD A. ARMSTRONG, B.A.

Author of "Man's Knowledge of God," etc.

"Looking at the book simply as a Truth-seeker, I am convinced that it assumes nothing which the Agnostic can disturb, infers nothing which its premisses do not involve, and gathers into its results all the contents of Christian aspiration and experience."—*Dr. Martineau.*

"The first half of this little book is a perfect model of subtle thought, apt illustration, lucid reasoning, and terse exposition."—*Spectator.*

PHILIP GREEN, 5, Essex St., Strand, LONDON, W.C.

Two Opposing Tendencies.

A consideration of the conflicting and mutually exclusive influences at present at work in our Churches, by the Rev. Edgar I. Fripp, B.A., minister of All Souls' Church, Belfast.

IV.

Reconstruction: (*a*) Religious.

Those who have followed the argument of the previous papers will, I think, have recognised the disintegrating influences which have hindered the natural development of the cause of non-subscription, and will also have perceived the only possible lines of reconstruction.

We must return absolutely and fearlessly to the great principle, enunciated by our forefathers after the Act of Uniformity, and embodied in our open trust-deeds, of *Religion before Doctrine;* and we must re-organise our scattered churches, now fast drifting on to the rocks of an Anti-Trinitarian Sectarianism, into a single Free Church.

Let me take up these two points in turn.

Firstly, we must proclaim from our heart and mind and soul, and with the voice of a trumpet, our great foundation-principle, that religion is deeper than any form of doctrine; that religion is of infinite value to the world, while doctrine is, comparatively, of little moment; that the sense of our sonship to God, and participation in His Spirit, is of supreme and urgent importance for our own good, and for the progress of humanity, while our particular views as to the Bible or miracles, or Christ's metaphysical nature, are, compared with holiness, and devoutness, and tenderness of life, almost infinitesimal in their worth; that religion—the yearning of the soul for God and His righteousness—is a permanent and undying element in man, while our intellectual conclusions respecting the universe and the God-head are variable, and perpetually changing; and that, therefore, the only true basis for a church is *the Worship and Service of God without the imposition in creed or doctrinal name of any particular theological opinions.*

We stand, of course, individually, for the particular doctrinal conclusions we, for the time being, hold; but ten thousand times more we stand, or should stand, ecclesiastically, for the

everlasting spiritual verities of worship and service underlying all honest beliefs. Yes, we stand for *Religion*. It is our function, as distinguished from that of churches with creeds and doctrinal names, to lay a mighty emphasis on the worship of God and the service of God, apart from particular theological beliefs. Our churches ought to have the atmosphere of deep and universal religiousness, rather than of a correct local theology, so that men and women, who happen to drop in at our services, should feel, not offended by the prominence of doctrine to which they object, but inspired by the sense of God in the place, and awakened to the awful need of prayer and repentance, and a new world.

In brief, what we want are not good *Unitarians*, but ministers and congregations who love God, who love Him dearly, who will give themselves and their worldly goods to His service, who will meet together feeling that above everything sacred to them is the sense that they and all men are born of God, and are called by God to build up His kingdom on earth. We don't want believers in the divine unity who will send you a guinea for your church when they keep a pair of fine hunters in their stable, or will grumble about the *cost* of their religion while they spend ten times their church subscription on a dance or a dinner party. We want Godly rich men who have in them the *marks* of their Christian discipleship, the wounds of courage and self-sacrifice, wounds received for their disregard of fashion, for their radical human sympathies, for their strong and clear speaking on the injustices of our modern civilization. We want men and women of wealth who shall feel with shame how the millions toil that a few thousands may be enriched, and whose souls shall be on fire with the thought of what England might be and might do in this poor troubled world. We want rich laymen and laywomen who shall feel the humiliations of the time, in social phenomena among the highest and the lowest—from the unblushing selfishness of the House of Lords and the declining earnestness of the House of Commons, to the miserable slavery of the poor to drink and gambling, and the crucifixion of chivalry in the streets of our large cities.

Yes, and we want men and women who know how to be abased as well as how to abound, men and women who have little money, but who love God and give up their pleasures for God—professional men and artists and teachers and tradesmen who find it difficult to make ends meet, but do their part in the work of educating and saving, spreading righteousness and bringing the beautiful into the dens and mansions of sordidness; and working-people who make *their* sacrifices for Christ, who give up their pipe and drink and "days off" to contribute their love and thought to the kingdom of God.

Such men and women will care little about Anti-Trinitarianism; but they will greatly care for justice, and temperance, and purity, and prayer, and joy in God.

(*b*) Ecclesiastical.

But some say that religiousness cannot be "organised;" that even if our churches were thrilled with the spirit of saving and being saved they could not be brought into religious federation.

Well, I do not believe it. I am not concerned with any subtle distinction between "organism" and "organisation." It is, I believe, a fact that *every* great religious movement, whether it be Early Christianity, the Crusades, the mission of Friars, Ironsides, or Methodists, has been *organised*, and has gained by it immense acquisition of power. And there seems no adequate reason why our churches should not draw together into a strong brotherhood, on the basis simply and solely of the worship and service of God, as one Free Church, and become a living missionary force in the land in the new century.

What will the twentieth century need more than such a Church? It might be just the centre round which the unselfish, religious impulses of liberal-thinking men and women would gather, and whence strength and new religious courage would radiate to isolated workers. What could more strongly enlist the love of thoughtful people in the next generation? Unless they are right—and they are *not* right—who say that religion itself is a passing phase of human development, some such Church as this *will* spring up in the near future.

Whether our churches will form the beginning and nucleus of such a church, who can say?

But they ought to. That is what God called them to do long ago, and what He still calls them to do, and what by His grace and strength they may yet do.

This very year we might have a special meeting of the National Conference which should drop its present absurd title and resolve itself into a FREE CHURCH ASSEMBLY—a *real* Free Church Assembly, not free in the mere sense of being independent of the State, but of being free of creeds and all doctrinal names whatsoever, free in the sense in which *we* have inherited the word. At this Assembly every church in the kingdom with an open trust, founded on the principle simply of the worship and service of God, and true to that principle, should have a right of representation in proportion to its membership; while every church with a doctrinal trust, or creed or doctrinal name, whether Trinitarian, Arian, Unitarian, Theist, or what not, and every church which had publicly adandoned the worship and service of God, and thereby ceased to be a church, should be, *ipso facto* disqualified for representation. We must be honestly and emphatically THE FREE CHURCH FOR THE WORSHIP AND SERVICE OF GOD; and every individual church which stands for this should be invited cordially and enthusiastically to join in our work whatever its particular theological opinions—Trinitarian, Arian, Unitarian, or Theistic; and no question should be asked of any proposed member save as to his acceptance of our fundamental principle—*i.e.*, "Do you stand for the worship and service of God without insisting on particular theological conclusions, creeds or names?"

This assembly might meet every three years, and elect a committee to take such oversight of the constituent churches as from time to time might seem fit. The first care of such an assembly would naturally be that all the churches should be organised into LOCAL OR PROVINCIAL ASSEMBLIES, meeting once a year for fellowship, advice, and mutual help, and for the maintenance and continual pronouncement of their cardinal faith of worship and service without the insistence on particular doctrines or names. Then the National Assembly should arrange for *A Free Church Sunday*, on which, as far as possible, in every church in the communion special services should be held and sermons preached in celebration of our great foundation-principle, and collections taken up to assist the weaker churches, and establish new ones. This would be our great missionary Sunday, and it should be our pride that on this day the offertories should be far the largest of the year. Further, on or near *Bartholomew's Day*, the 24th August, the anniversary of the Act of Uniformity of 1662, and the eviction of our faithful Two Thousand, a special sermon or course of sermons might be delivered, illustrative of our free church history in general, and of the story of our own place of worship in particular.

Then the National Assembly should issue a *Year Book*, similar to the Essex Hall Year Book, now published, excusably, in the absence of the right authority, but most improperly, by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, but, of course, without its implication that our churches are merely *Unitarian*. It should contain lists of our churches, their ministers, secretaries, delegates, &c., and of all our Free Church institutions, such as Manchester College, the Sunday School Association, Minister's Augmentation Fund, Dr. Williams' Library, and so forth; while all mere doctrinal institutions, such as the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, the Trinitarian Bible Society, the Unitarian Home Missionary College, and the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, should naturally have no place. It should also contain a statement and defence of our Free Church principle of worship and service without insistence on particular theological views or names, and a sketch of our history from the year of the Act of Uniformity.

Again, the National Assembly should publish a *Weekly Newspaper* for circulation among the free churches, to report our local doings and the meetings of our societies, to give expression to our individual views and sentiments, but, above all, *to put before the British public our Free Church principle of religion before doctrine and the open trust.* No paper which speaks of "our Unitarian body" and of Unitarianism as the bond among us, such as *The Inquirer* still does, either realises our historical standpoint or can be an organ of free churches,

whose very life consists in emphasis before everything on worship and service of God.

Many valuable things might be done by the Assembly's publication department, such as *Religious Tracts and Pamphlets*, appealing to the conscience and affection as well as the thought of the community, urgent for righteousness and godliness. There might also be statements in tract form, such as do not now, I believe, exist, of what we mean by a Free Church, and popular *Handbooks of our History* should be written by men who are well acquainted with it. The lives of some of our great and good men, such as Baxter, John Taylor of Norwich, James Peirce of Exeter, Edmund Calamy, Doddridge, Burns, Frankland, Lardner, and Thomas Barnes, might be presented to our people in a clear forcible way. Biographies of these men would be the best possible means of clearing the minds of many of our congregations of their vagueness and confusion as to what our churches really stand for. And why should there not be a *Free Church Hymnal*, and a *Book of Collects* with *A List of Scripture Lessons* arranged according to a revision of the old Christian Year? Such publications, if at all widely adopted, would bring our churches closer together and closer to Christendom.

But these are minor points. Everything is minor to the main need that our scattered churches, now falling into the feeble death of disorganised sectarianism, should be quickened by a new consciousness that they stand before Christendom for the Worship and Service of God without the imposition of particular theological doctrines or names, and that they should spread out their helping hands to one another as comrades and brothers, and unite, as with bands of steel, under one glorious flag of Religion and Liberty.

No doubt such a federation demands money. It will require that the richer churches should give more than they do to the poorer. Probably some well-devised scheme might be adopted, whereby, say, a tenth of every seatholder's contribution should go to the FREE CHURCH, and make him a member of the Free Church while making him a member of his particular place of worship. But, in any case, we should have our annual Free Church Sunday, and its offertories, and voluntary subscriptions. If a Free Church Assembly had been in existence from 1825, who can doubt that most of the money now possessed, and tied-up for doctrinal purposes, by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and very much more, would have come *to us*. In the absence of a proper Representative Assembly the doctrinal association continually receives bequests which the givers would much rather have left for religious ends, and I believe very much more is *not* bequeathed lest it should go to mere Unitarian propaganda.

Let us have our Free Church for the worship and service of God, and let us have faith. We shall have friends. There are men and women among us yet who care infinitely more for worship and service than for their Unitarianism. Already, the name "Unitarian," even as applied to an individual belief, has something of the stale and fusty odour of "Arian" and "Socinian." But the worship and service of God will not grow old. In a few years Anti-Trinitarianism will have gone the way of all theological controversies; but man will be a child of God and a worshipper for ever.

[*Conclusion.*]

[NOTE.—These articles have not dealt, except incidentally, with the Non-subscribing Churches of Ireland. There they still have a form of government on Presbyterian lines which works well; and, so far as my observation goes, there is no group of our churches in the United Kingdom, in spite of poverty and a declining population in many parts, in a healthier condition. Nearly all the divisions which have hindered their progress have arisen from the establishment of *doctrinal* institutions among them — such as the "Unitarian Society," and the "Ulster Unitarian Christian Association." On the whole, our churches in Ireland have been far more faithful to non-subscription than most of our English churches. Less than half-dozen of our forty Irish churches have labelled themselves "Unitarian," and of these two are closed, and a third has to rely upon a grant from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.]

Tranquil pleasures last longest. We are not fitted to bear the burden of great joys.

GOD IN NATURE.—The whole world is like a looking-glass, which, whole and entire, represents the image of God; and every broken piece of it, and every little shred of a creature doth the like. God's glory, like the filings of gold, is too precious to be lost wherever it drops.

The Seat of Authority.

By J. Cogan Conway.

Authority in religion, whose seat has been variously placed in time past by sundry people, now at Jerusalem, now Mecca, Lassa, Rome, Paris, London (when Comte lived there), Utah, or Hordle in the New Forest, would appear, in the December issue of the *Seed Sower*, to have been relegated, in these last days, to Belfast.

It is salutary for mice and men to know where to look for guidance to which they may without question submit, and down our way, we few poor country mice who worship in one of those old chapels of which this inspired utterance speaks, learn much from it, and are taught how to correct most of our devoutly cherished, foolish, blundering, ignorant old notions.

Our Trust Deed dedicates our chapel to the worship of God, "after the way and manner of such Protestant Dissenters as are commonly called Presbyterians," so we, pardonably it is to be hoped, fondly imagined that the founders of our chapel, at all events intended to exclude *some* of their fellow Christians; as for example, the great majority (who are Roman Catholics), and a good many more (who are Anglicans), and that in this case they must have put doctrine on a par with religion, if not before it. And we thought, in our density, that the ejected two thousand left the Church of England because they objected to the particular creed sought to be enforced upon them, and not from any horror of creeds in general.

Indeed, we thought these fathers of the faith were of those who drew up the Westminster Confession, which laid tolerable stress on doctrine, and that they preached doctrine by the hour, both before and after they left the church. We had an idea, in our stupid, muddle-headed, country way, that Richard Baxter never was a Presbyterian of any sort, though Judge Jeffreys and other of his enemies liked to call him one, and that he could not possibly have had such a deep-rooted objection to creeds and doctrinal statements, seeing that he was always trying to get back into the Church of England, which bristles with such things, and all he wanted was to alter some of them, so that he could then accept all the rest; and our notion was that he would gladly have done it if only the alterations he desired were made.

We should uncommonly like to know where that nice little quotation comes from, beginning "let us have churches," and ending, "distinguishing sign," for we never read it, or anything like it, in the works of the old divines.

We thought, in our simple, silly way, that it was possible for other people to differ from us, and to hold theories which we did not accept, without being false, or mean, or base; but it is different, we see, in Belfast. But then, religion comes before doctrine there, and we suppose that accounts for it.

We thought that where there were any traces of Presbyterian organisation, there were also traces of questions as to belief put to ministers on their ordination, and that this had been done even in Belfast not so very very long ago.

We thought it seemly to speak with something like respect of the great names of old, Priestley, Belsham, and Lindsey, who laboured and suffered for their faith, and into whose labours we have entered. We did not know where we should be to-day without these saintly men, the latchets of whose shoes we are not worthy to unloose. Putting religion before doctrine, however, we see, relieves us from this obligation, although the lash has, at the bidding of Mr. Freeston, been taken of Lindsey, in a footnote. We read Belsham's sermons, and we thought their prevailing tone was practical—not doctrinal.

One thing we thought we did know, and that was, that the "way and manner" of Presbyterians was "Free Prayer," that the introduction of Liturgies was distinctly a Unitarian innovation begun by Lindsey, and this is a very striking example of the advantage it is to us to have someone to tell us, who knows, and can, and does speak with authority, and without hesitation. Without this we should never have known that the old Liturgies were put away (unless they happened to have run out of print, and their places were taken by better ones); that (where they ever existed) the Presbyteries and Provincial Gatherings ever were dissolved; that the ministerial office had deteriorated, or that any minister was only "a doctrinal agent, a leader of schoolroom charities and entertainments," or a

permanent chairman of innumerable committees." Had we been, by any scarce conceivable ill-fortune, deprived of this allocation from across the sea, we should have thought these merely rather unkind names for very valuable parts of a Christian minister's work ; but it is left for the placing of religion before doctrine to discover that they are the sole work of any minister, or even that they tend to be. That the minister of to-day is usually more active in public philanthropic work than his Presbyterian predecessor was, we knew, but we rather thought that was a good thing. Now we shall know better.

We thought the forward movement began first of all in Manchester, and that, at all events when it was taken up at Essex Hall, it was distinctly and expressly stated, in the very appeal its critic quotes, to be a movement in religious *thought*, and we, in our simplicity, somehow seemed to think that Thought might venture to move without looking to Belfast for sanction ; and that it will, and does, move without this or with it as the case may be ; unaffected even by its grant or its denial. And we thought that this particular movement of 1895 was imperatively called for by the attack on Unitarians, made by Mr. Athelstan Riley and the celebrated circular of the London School Board.

We thought, too, that the "thin doctrinal propositions," which we now learn, "will make no man one whit braver or purer," were just the very essence of the religion that Christ taught. We thought the only dogma he laid down and enforced was just that Anti-Trinitarian declaration that God is one, which finds such little favour in Belfast, though, by the way, if there be no doctrinal reason for the separate existence of the church where authority resides, it is not, perhaps, quite clear what excuse there is for it at all.

The effect of putting religion before doctrine (and taking care to let people know it) seems to be to chasten the style and lend elegance to the diction. "A fig for" what we do not like, and, perhaps, do not quite understand !

Poor silly little mice ! We thought that if we succeeded in gaining new members by means of "this kind of revival," our churches were necessarily strengthened ; and we did not know that those churches, where a definite theology is held and preached, were specially deserted by the multitude.

And we thought that a church is, in the first place, an assembly of worshippers, and in the next, the building in which they assemble, and that therefore a building where Unitarians habitually assemble is, as a matter of fact, a Unitarian Church, whatever our latest instructors deign to call it, or to decree it shall be called.

As to warning other people off, we never knew any building that would accommodate all the worshippers of any district, even if they all wanted to come into it, and it did seem to us only fair and straightforward honesty to let people know what kind of worship is conducted in the building, so that no one might be lured in on false pretences. The outside world, we thought, did not care two straws about these Catholic and inclusive scruples. They call a building used by Unitarians a Unitarian building, and no amount of disguising or blinking the fact will make them wish to enter it, unless they sympathise with the Unitarian presentation of Christianity.

We thought, also, that although many, perhaps most, of our chapels are old Presbyterian foundations, yet that this is by no means the case with them all, and that there are some among us who would echo words heard last year. "I have no Presbyterian ancestors. . . . . I go back further than that. I go back to Adam before the fall, and I stand here as a human being."

We remember hearing that one of the great ones we have lost said, in his old age, to one of our living ministers, "I cannot do much to help you. I hope I shall never hinder you."

And we remember hearing Dr. Bellows say in the old Crystal Palace days, speaking of Liberal Christianity, "We call it Unitarianism in America, for we like to have a definite banner to fight under, and when that banner is pelted with stones, we fix it the tighter in our belt, and grasp it the firmer in our hands."

But now Sir Oracle has ope'd his lips, let no dog bark, nor any little timid cowering mousie squeak ! Let us rather be silent and grateful for the stores of wisdom poured out upon us, and for the modest, courteous, learned, accurate, considerate and charitable form in which this supernal wisdom is presented to us.

A Country Mouse.

The Spirit that Denies.

That is the Mephistophelian spirit, the evil spirit of denial, which delights in denial for its own sour and grudging sake, delights in pulling those whom mankind has loved and honoured from their lofty seats, in demonstrating a void or something poor and mean where millions have imagined there was something grand and worshipful. It is all right for scientific students and scholars to accept the Darwinian theory of human origins. It is all right for the men of poetry and imagination to insist that in this theory there is no derogation from the dignity of human nature. By the grace of God we are what we are by whatever processes we arrived at this estate. Give us the facts, whatever they may be. We will adjust ourselves to them as best we can, nor doubt that they are better than the loveliest imaginations of our hearts. But there can be no doubt that many have taken kindly to the Darwinian theory of human origins, not because it was to them a noble theory, not because its truth was not to be escaped, but because it seemed to them a theory that affronted the average self-consciousness of human dignity and worth. Its attraction for such people has been exactly that which has constituted its repulsiveness for others; namely, that it gives human nature a mean and paltry look. Here is the spirit that denies in one of its most odious manifestations. The truth, the truth only, and nothing but the truth! But not to regret every scientific discovery or affirmation that makes our mortal life seem cheap and tame, not to hold every such discovery to the strictest possible account, if haply its railing accusation or its base insinuation may be modified or set at naught, or within its harsh and bitter rind some kernel of the sweetest meaning may be ultimately disclosed—not to do these things, and, on the other hand, not to rejoice in everything that makes or seems to make our human life something more beautiful and grand, smacks less of the scientific temper than of the inverted theological, less of what is creditable than of what is contemptible. We have no quarrel with the Darwinian theory of man's descent. It is as satisfactory to our poetical imagination and to our human pride as to our intellectual apprehension. But as between its orthodox opponent, opposing it because it seems dishonourable to human nature and its eager advocate, whose eagerness is merely the exponent of his delight in reducing human nature to its lowest terms, our choice is quickly made; our vote is for the orthodox opponent every time.

As with human origins, so with world origins. Here, too, we want the truth, the truth only, and nothing but the truth. But here, too, the evil spirit of denial has disported itself with much hilarity. It has rejoiced in the materialistic theory of creation, not because it is true, but because it seems to minimize the grandeur of the world, to make it seem a poor and cheap affair. What we have come to is the persuasion that, if matter is the ultimate productive cause of universal life, it must be, as Martineau has written, "such extremely clever matter, matter that is up to everything, even to writing Hamlet and discovering the law of its own evolution," matter, in short, which, but for the spelling of its name, does not differ appreciably from our old friends, mind and God. But this is neither here nor there. The fact remains that the materialistic theory has attracted many, and does attract them still, because it seems to be a theory that writes down the universe and man and God. There are some men, and not a few, who are never happier than when minimizing their human birthright, and, in every possible respect, the dignity and glory of the world. There is a spirit which denies the faith and hope which millions cherish, because it fain would trample on the pride of human aspiration and of human thought, itself puffed up enormously with pride in its discovery of the infinitesimal smallness of the world. We have not a word to say against the character of the atheist or the agnostic who, seeking patiently to know the solemn truth of things, has come to the conclusion that there is no God and no immortal life. Many that have arrived at these conclusions are better men and women than some of the most confident of all our dogmatists. But their case is immeasurably different from that of those who deny with a vociferous hilarity, and for the reason that their own doctrine commends itself to them by its intrinsic meanness and offers an affront to the most lofty aspirations of the human soul.

There is another manifestation of the spirit that denies, and surely it is a devilish spirit. It

is that spirit of detraction which delights in every neighbour's fault, in no man's excellence. It never attributes a high motive where a lower one can be imagined. Let a great public officer stand like a rock for a financial principle, unmoved by any turbulence of partisan rancour or by any threat of ill, and you shall hear that he did it out of sheer obstinacy; while the same course of action in a political favourite would exalt him to the skies. Let a million men break from their habitual partisan allegiance when the honour of the country is at stake, and join the ranks of its defenders, and you shall hear that their pockets were in danger and that their convictions went no further down. The same temper manifested here finds many petty exhibitions. How many are nothing if not critical of their servants, their employers, and their friends! How many excellent people seem to delight more in being bearers of bad tidings than of good, in hearing damaging reports of this one or that than something creditable! How sharp and greasy the decline by which the gossip of the day glides into slanderous accusation or the suspicions that are quite as bad!

In the intellectual sphere there is room and to spare for honest doubt and brave denial. In the moral sphere there thunders for us ever and anon from some Sinai-top of duty the commandment, "Thou shalt say, No," and woe to those who lightly heed or disobey. But at the same time there is in both the intellectual and the moral sphere a spirit that denies which is truly devilish, miserably bad. Far from us be that spirit! "Get thee behind me, Satan; for thou savourest not of the things that be of God." Willing and anxious to be led into all truth, ready to doubt whatever seems to us doubtful and to deny whatever is disproved, may we not be of those who gravitate to doubt and to denial as good things in themselves, or for the distinction that they seem to give; never of those whom the negation and denial attract just in proportion as they give a meaner look to men and women, to mankind, the universe, and God! Be ours the spirit that affirms! However quietly and bravely we may accept the facts of science and of history and of personal character, let us be glad and rejoice in whatever rightly gives a higher, nobler, and grander interpretation to the life we live, the universe of which we are a part, the individual lives of those persons of great fame and high example who, like "the few large stars" of Whitman, shine in the firmament of history with a supernal and beseeching light. We dare believe that we cannot admire the universe too much, nor honour man beyond his actual worth, nor have a faith in God he will not justify before the end, if any end there be. Be ours the spirit that affirms, if not the certainty, at least the hope, that these great things are so!—*The Christain Register.*

Congregational Singing.

I.

What are the conditions of good congregational singing? The first condition is that of real religious fervour, and the second depends on general musical culture. I put the musical culture second, because singing by ear is older than singing from notes, and it is wonderful how much may be done by it. Everyone knows how at all "revivals" church music has started into new vigour, and this without a sign from the musicians. Such new-born power is not only natural, it is inevitable. Singing is an expression of joy, and there will always be as much of the one as there is of the other.

"Only keep thee on the wing,
Music dieth in the dust:
Nothing that but creeps can sing,
Soaring, we can sing and trust."

Congregational singing, then, though it may be retarded or helped by other causes, keeps pace in the main with the devotional feelings of the worshippers. With the warmth of this feeling it varies in different ages, nations, and churches, in different services, and in different parts of the same service. The fear of what our neighbours will say, is very destructive to hearty singing. Two summers ago I was worshipping with a friend in an Episcopal Church among the hills of North Wales. The little church was filled to the door, and almost the whole congregation were made up of visitors to the place, for the Church of Wales is not the church of the Welsh. On our way home I asked my friend if he had not been struck by the unusual heartiness and generalness of the singing, considering the well-

to-do character of the congregation. "Certainly," he replied, "and the reason is a plain one. The people did not know each other." It is indeed true that the feeble sound that rises from so many of our "respectable" congregations must be laid to Mrs. Grundy's charge. Religious fervour is all very well these feeble singers say in effect, but it must be curbed by gentility, and that the Browns should be discussing at dinner the loudness of Miss Jones's voice is not to be tolerated. So Miss Jones, with the Browns in front of her, sinks her voice into a musical whisper, like Mrs. Micawber's delicate voice, "the very small beer of acoustics." No musical reform can touch this evil. It is the love of God alone that can call out the voices of men and women to their full power.

But if our singing is enfeebled by the absence of devotional feeling, it is strengthened by its presence. It is said that no richer mass of local sound is ever heard in this country than at the Wesleyan Conference meetings, where the singers are nearly all ministers, their fervour raised by companionship to the highest pitch. The singing at the Church Congress, at the gathering of the Congregational Union, or on a special occasion of religious interest in any congregation, gives us a momentary glimpse of the majesty of sound which may come from men and women inspired by the love of God. There is no instrument like the voice, no music touches the heart like that from a multitude of singers.

The generalness of the singing in our churches varies in the second degree with the extent to which the people have been taught to sing. Listen to the congregation in Cologne Cathedral on a Sunday afternoon, joining with fervour in the plain responses and tunes of the Catholic service. Young and old, rich and poor, cultured and ignorant, they are all singing; you feel that the mass of sound that rolls along the nave comes from a thousand lungs. And then compare with this what is perhaps the only congregation of a similar size in England—that at the special services in St. Paul's Cathedral when a great man is preaching. The tune of the hymns is plain enough, and every one has a copy of the words, but there is no fulness or "ring" in the tone, it is a vast and vague musical whisper, very effective, but feebleness itself compared with Cologne. And what is the reason? The Germans, as all know, live and move in an atmosphere of music, and though notation is not much taught in the common schools, it is generally understood, and singing is looked upon as an ordinary rather than a special accomplishment. The best movement we in England can make for people's psalmody is to have music taught in the day schools. Individual congregations may repair their musical deficiencies by forming singing practices—and these are very valuable—but the labour is great, and the result local and transitory. Singing in schools, on the contrary, means, for the next generation—singing in churches.

But, taking our churches as they stand to-day, we may well consider how best we can shape the conduct of their music to produce universal singing. In the first place, it is well that instruments should be used? Now-a-days, when the organ fever is spreading so far and wide, it is perhaps useless to offer any advice on the subject; but the organ is such a grand instrument, its resources are so many and so vast, that we ought to be allowed calmly to weigh its capabilities. The most useful function of the organ in the music of Congregational Churches, is that it floods the building with sound so that timid worshippers are encouraged to sing. They are encouraged because they do not hear their own voices and because it is easier to sing in the company of an instrument, as everyone knows who has sung with and without the pianoforte. The voice is assisted wonderfully in learning a tune by following it on an instrument. This is the way most young ladies learn their songs. In the interests of musical education this habit of depending on an instrument must be strongly condemned. Whatever good the popularisation of the pianoforte may have brought, it has nearly destroyed the independent power of reading music. We all like to be saved trouble, and to have no more thinking over a thing than we can help. Our ancestors, in the age of Elizabeth, had but few instruments and those of a poor tinkling sort, so they were compelled to master the rudiments of the vocal art if they wished to sing. Now, if an interval has to be sung, the tempting pianoforte is always at hand to save us the trouble of independent exertion. But even this important objection from the musical side

should be waived in our churches where we must subordinate everything to the great end of making it as easy as possible for people to sing. They can sing more easily if an organ follows their voices. The musical effect also is improved by the organ; harsh and loud voices are smoothed down, the interstices as it were are filled up, and the congregational voice is rounded into harmonious unity. It is further claimed for the organ that it keeps up the pitch, but it would be more correct to say, that it diminishes the tendency to flatten. That a congregation frequently flattens while an organ is being played everyone troubled with a musical ear must have noticed, though it is something that the voices should be put in tune again at the beginning of every verse. What is the cause of flattening, so common a fault in congregational singing? We cannot prevent it altogether without making musicians of everybody, and securing that voices shall never get tired or lazy. But the pitch is less likely to be lost when the accent and rhythm of the tune are marked, and when the notes are struck lightly rather than drawled and run one into the other. This style of singing is not only that which prevents flattening, but it is the proper style, the only one which is natural to vigour and heartiness of feeling; the only one which can be continued without wearying the voice.

How far then does the organ help us to get this style of singing? for a congregation will always copy, with Chinese exactitude, the manner of a voice or an instrument which leads them. It cannot give more stress to one note than another, and as to drawling, the very name in music for a tone which is equally loud during its whole length is "organ tone." If, therefore, our congregations are content merely to follow the lead of the organ, their singing will be in danger of becoming monotonous and heavy. The precentor of a large Congregational church, where an organ was not long since introduced, said to me the other day, "It has taken the accent out of the singing." There is not of course an absolute necessity that this should be the result wherever an organ is heard, but the tendency in that direction is strong. A congregation may form their own style, and let the organ follow, and this is easy, where the lead is taken by a large and well-drilled choir. The truth is that the organ, like so many other things, is a very good servant, but a very bad master. It cannot lead, but the effect is grand when it is content to follow. I am aware that organists are always asserting that the organ can lead, but I have generally found them to mean that the choir or congregation after a year or two's acquaintance can get to understand what the organist wants. This is a very inferior thing to leading. Many a man has no doubt gone away from an oratorio at Albert Hall without any idea that the organ has been playing. He has heard the trombones, the drums, and perhaps the chorus, but he is surprised to learn that the organ was at play too. And yet if it had not been at work the effect would have been less full-toned and complete. Is not this what the organ should be in our churches—felt more than heard? Alas! instead of thus decently following upon our steps, it too often comes out and runs us down with the crushing tread of an elephant; it bellows at us while, as Mr. Beecher says, we chirp like sparrows in a thunder-storm. On few instruments is there so much bad playing as on the organ. When the mechanism is learnt—and a pianoforte player is not long in picking it up—everything else is left to the taste. This, with many organists, means making a rumbling noise whenever the word "thunder" occurs in the hymn, and putting on extra power when any allusion is made to the Angelic Host. Very rarely do we meet with an intelligent attempt to interpret the spirit of the hymn, with which this musical pun-making has nothing whatever to do. It is wearisome to find these vulgar faults of organ-playing so common. The German Protestants are as bad as ourselves. Roman Catholics alone seem to have discovered the supreme beauty of human voices, and to have subordinated the instruments to them. I submit, then, that the function of the organ is this:—It makes singing easier, helps to keep up the pitch, and improves the musical effect of the service of praise. But as it gives no accent it cannot lead, and is apt to take the rhythm and life out of singing when a congregation leans entirely upon it.

[*To be continued.*]

The excessive desire for riches makes us ever poor.

The Mystery of Pain.

Bright wings, light wings—so soon to fly no more!
Bright hopes, sweet dreams—so soon to prove in vain,
Sweet rose—so sweet to canker at the core,
Fair star of love—so soon, so soon to wane.

What does it mean—the sorrow and the smart—
The joys that fade ere one may gather them—
The bitter taste of life—the way-worn heart—
Hands clinging ever to Hope's fluttering hem?

Is it worth while to suffer and be strong,
To see so many dreams sink out of sight?
Good is so weak—so mighty is the wrong,
And life so hard—so difficult the right!

Look up, sad heart, look up, for far away
The perfect fruit of life grows ripe for birth;
Not here, not now,—but in some fairer day
Will come fulfilment for the flowers of earth.

Not in thy sight the web of life is spun
Which to thy sight some day shall be unrolled—
Then shalt thou see earth's grey and black and dun
Woven by His hands to Heaven's brightest gold.

And who art thou to question of the fate
Of hope or dream, of butterfly or rose?
Faith shines—a star—though earth be desolate,
Since He who loves thee best—He knows—He knows.

E. NESBIT.

Eleven Witty Sayings.

1. A friend once asked Milton if he intended instructing his daughter in various foreign languages. "Oh, no," he replied, "one tongue is enough for a woman."

2. "Call *that* a kind man?" said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance, to Douglas Jerrold. "A man who is away from his family and never sends them a farthing!" "Yes, unremitting kindness," said Jerrold.

3. "What is wit?" asked the Earl of Chatham of Dr. Henniker. "My lord, wit is what a pension would be, given by your lordship to your humble servant—'a good thing well applied.'"

4. Rowland Hill, when his friends were observing that the letter "h" was a very small affair of no importance, observed that it was a very serious affair to him, "as without it he would be always 'ill."

5. "Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."
—*Rochester, upon King Charles II.*

"Quite true," said the king, "for my words are my own, and my *acts* are my ministers,"

6. "Mad, is he?" said the king. "Well, if he be, I wish he would bite all my officers." So spoke George II. upon being told that Wolfe was mad.

7. Reading the pompous and fulsome description which Soyer, the cook, put on his wife's tomb in Kensal Green Cemetery, Jerrold shook his head and said, "Mock turtle."

8. In a railway carriage, one day, a gentleman expatiated on the beauty of Nature. "While reading in the fields," said he, "sometimes a cow comes and bends its head over me. I look up benignantly at it."

"With a filial smile," rejoined Jerrold.

9. Judge Jeffreys, pointing with his cane to a man who was about to be tried, said, "There's a great rogue at the end of my cane."

"At which end, my lord?" inquired the man indicated.

10. Charles Lamb is said to have "silenced a phlegmatic, matter-of-fact man," who was talking oracularly, by the following:

"'Tis true, quite true,
That twice one's two, that old's not new,
that black's not blue, that grog's not glue, that Sal's not Sue,
That you're not me, and I'm not you."

11. "Turn to the right and keep straight on," was the answer of Bishop Wilberforce to a working man who scoffingly asked him the way to heaven.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

The Man in the Moon.

Said the Raggedy Man on a hot afternoon,
"My!
Sakes!
What a lot o' mistakes
Some little folks makes on The Man in the Moon!
But people that's b'en up to see him, like me,
And calls on him frequent and intimutly,
Might drop a few hints that would interest you.
Clean!
Through!
If you wanted 'em to—
Some actual facts that might interest you!

O The Man in the Moon has a crick in his back;
Whee!
Whimm!
Ain't you sorry for him?
And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;
And his eyes are so weak that they water and run
If he dares to dream even he looks at the sun,—
So he jes' dreams of stars, as the doctors advise—
My!
Eyes!
But isn't he wise—
To jes' dream of stars, as the doctors advise?

And The Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear—
Whee!
Whing!
What a singular thing!
I know! but these facts are authentic, my dear,—
There's a boil on his ear! and a corn on his chin,—
He calls it a dimple—but dimples stick in—
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know!
Whang!
Ho!
Why, certainly so!—
It might be a dimple turned over, you know.

And The Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee,
Gee!
Whizz!
What a pity that is!
And his toes have worked round where his heels ought to be.
So whenever he wants to go North he goes South,
And comes back with porridge crumbs all round his mouth,
And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan.
Whing!
Whann!
What a marvellous man!
What a very remarkably marvellous man!

"And The Man in the Moon," sighed the Raggedy Man,
"Gits!
So!
Sullonesome, you know,—
Up there by hisse'f sense creation began!
That when I call on him and then come away,
He grabs me and holds me and begs me to stay,—
Till—Well if it wasn't for Jimmy—cum—Jim,
Dadd!
Limb!
I'd go pardners with him—
Jes' jump my bob here and be pardners with him!"

JAMES WHILCOMB RILEY.

Sage Counsel.

The lion is the beast to fight:
He leaps along the plain,
And if you run with all your might,
He runs with all his mane.
I'm glad I'm not a Hottentot,
But if I were, with outward cal-lum
I'd either faint upon the spot
Or hie me up a leafy pal-lum.

The chamois is the beast to hunt:
He's fleeter than the wind,
And when the chamois is in front
The hunter is behind.
The Tyrolese make famous cheese
And hunt the chamois o'er the chaz-zums;
I'd choose the former, if you please,
For precipices give me spaz-zums.

The Polar bear will make a rug
Almost as white as snow:
But if he gets you in his hug,
He rarely lets you go.
And Polar ice looks very nice,
With all the colours of a prissum:
But, if you'll follow my advice,
Stay home and learn your catechissum.

A. J. Q. C.

Arcadie.

(FOR OLDER CHILDREN.)

I travelled many winding ways
That weary seemed to me,
In cloudy nights and windy days,
To find sweet Arcadie.

The shepherds stand on either hand;
"We fain would go with thee,
Save for one sheep, to that sweet land,
That far-off Arcadie."

Along the self-same way I fare,
And shepherds ask of me,
"Hast found those green fields anywhere?"
"Yea; but the people dwelling there
Know not 'tis Arcadie!"

A. W. COLTON.